THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXIII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IN reading your 22d number, my attention was taken by some remarks on novels, under the signature of J. D. I read his letter to Samuel Saunter more than once, as the subject has always had some interest with me, but am sorry to confess, that I do not very clearly comprehend his meaning. It seems, however, to be his purpose to decry the writings of Richardson, and to show, that Le Sage, Smollet, and Fielding are much better teachers of morality than he. For this end, he tells us, that the former exhibits improbable scenes, characters too perfect for imitation, and exalts the brilliant and heroic qualities, generosity, benevolence, and compassion, on the ruins of the humble and unostentatious, but more solid and useful virtues, of prudence, œconomy, justice. The latter, on the contrary, exhibit manners and characters, *whose prototype is in nature;* they place their personages in scenes, that may actually occur in real life; by shewing the errors into which passion may betray us, they tend to render virtue amiable, and vice odious. This appears to be the meaning of your correspondent: yet I state this meaning with diffidence. I suspect *myself* of misapprehension, not only because the style of J. D. is not remarkably clear, but because these sentiments are very strange in one, who has read either of the works of any of the authors mentioned.

Let us consider, for a moment, the article of *probability*. Yet it is difficult to say any thing on this head, for where is the standard of probability? Each one must judge of the fidelity of any portrait, by his knowledge of the original. How far a narrative truly represents the general lineaments of human nature, each one must judge, from his opportunities of knowing himself and others. It is by this process that I think myself to have discovered Richardson to be the most perfect, various, and vivid painter, that ever took pencil in hand; that no other ever pourtrayed a greater *number* and *variety* of figures, with more *vividness*, *minuteness*, and *accuracy*. In this opinion I shall not be surprized, if another differ from me; nor do I know in what way to discuss the question with an adversary. Each one must appeal and rely on his own experience, nor *will* nor *ought* he to admit of any other decision.

Your correspondent tells us, indeed, that Richardson's are "faultless monsters;" by which I would suppose he would insinuate, that his personages are too *good* to be natural. One cannot but smile at this objection, when we recollect, that there is only *one* character in each of his three complicated pieces, whom the writer intended to represent as *very excellent*. None of them are, in a rational estimate, nor were designed by the author to be, *faultless*. Besides these three, all his characters are examples of that mixture, which J. D. thinks so beneficial to the reader. As in the persons of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison, the writer intended to exhibit very excellent beings, it was requisite to diversify the scene, by the introduction of characters, of different degrees and kinds of merit, compounded in different ways, of good and bad. In Pamela and Clarissa, indeed, the great objection has been, that the scene is too full of depravity. Almost all the actors, but *one*, are selfish, depraved, and inhuman; one of them, indeed (Lovelace), to a degree *almost* surpassing credibility. There are many, who, judging from their own hearts, pronounce the wickedness of Lovelace to be more flagrant than man can ever sink to. This opinion, though erroneous, is still somewhat creditable to the character of those, who adopt it. But what shall we say to those, who, as is natural to all of us, infer, from their own feelings, that the transcendent virtue of Grandison is impossible, or, as they phraze it, *out of nature?* Unhappy it is, that so many people should consider any great effort of disinterestedness and magnanimity, as unnatural and superhuman.

It is remarkable, that the union of vicious and agreeable qualities, of crimes and talents, in Lovelace, has been thought to stand in need of vindication, on the same grounds as those, which J. D. adopts in defence of his favourites. The vindication, indeed, is superfluous: nobody, but one already depraved beyond the reach of amendment, can find, in Lovelace, any thing provoking *imitation*. The whole texture of the story tends to nothing but to convince us, that wit and genius become the more signally disastrous to the possessor, as they are allied with malice and revenge. If Richardson's two first works be blameable, as exhibiting too rueful and shocking a picture of human calamity and wickedness, amply has he atoned for these faults, by displaying, in his third performance, the sublime and transporting picture of a good, great, and wise man. And yet Grandison's virtues are called forth by the faults and miseries of others, so that the work is far from being a tissue of faultless characters, and magnanimous actions.

What J. D. says about Richardson's "contrast between one virtue and another; a war of duties, where the cardinal duties are made subordinate to the shewy and extraordinary ones; filial duty to love and friendship; prudence, justice, œconomy, to benevolence, generosity, compassion," I do not well know what to make of it. These are the common objections to the trash of modern novels, but no one, I imagine, who ever read Richardson, could dream for a moment that they are applicable to him; on the contrary, the pictures, which he draws, are directly opposite to this. The palm is invariably bestowed by him on the social and domestic virtues, on piety, filial duty, humility, and charity. The good child, parent, consort, and friend, are the portraits on which this writer loves to dwell with complacency. He must be strangely mistaken, who imagines that Richardson was what is vulgarly called a *sentimentalist*. The inundation of froth and sentiment, in the form of novels, which cover, in this age, the shelves of our libraries, has taken place in direct contempt and defiance of the precepts and example of Richardson.

As to Fielding and Smollet, I must willingly admit the pretensions of the former to the praise of a faithful copyist of nature. In his three works, the course of events and the completion of the personages are sufficiently probable; yet, if the excellence of the character be any proof of its improbability, I am afraid that Fielding will be as open to objection as Richardson. In Alworthy, Amelia, and Joseph Andrews, the author has evidently given us his notions of a perfect character. Thus it appears, that the principal personages, in two of his pieces, and a very important one in his third and greatest performance, are the "faultless monsters," whom J. D. so much condemns. I will leave your correspondent to prove what pernicious and immoral influence such models of purity, magnanimity, and generosity must have upon the reader; but I think he must confess, if he has read both authors, that the objection arising from this source is just as applicable to Fielding, as to Richardson.

It is unlucky for your correspondent, that the objection he urges against Richardson and his followers, is only applicable to his favourites. Fielding's heroes, if Jones and Amelia's husband deserve that exclusive name, are only saved from contempt and aversion, by the courage, generosity, and candour which distinguish them. These qualities there are, that, in spite of their follies and vices, make them regarded, by some, with complacency and approbation, and constitute the danger there is of being led, by their example, to prefer these shewy and brilliant qualities, to the solid and humble merits of "prudence, justice, and œconomy."

As to Smollet, he is far inferior to the other, in every thing but wit. His characters, for the most part, are *caricatures*, whose greatest merit lies in their power to make us laugh at their humour and extravagance. It would be difficult to point out a more profligate and hurtful book than "Peregrine Pickle." "Roderick Random" is a tissue of low adventures; the history of a man without steadiness or principle, and who can be, by turns, a gambler, heiress-hunter, sharper, sailor, and soldier, and I know not what, and who, at last, becomes sober and rich, in a way from which the reader can derive no useful instruction. In "Count Fathom," there is still prevailing the same spirit of low adventure and chicane. The count is a mere cheat and ruffian. "Sir Launcelot Greaves," with abundance of coarse, vulgar, and otherwise exceptionable scenes, is the most moral and instructive of all Smollet's works. It is, however, a very lame imitation of Cervantes.

As to the *usefulness* of these several performances, we must consider, that the tendency of a book of this kind does not consist so much in the good or bad, the prosperous or adverse nature, the loftiness or lowness of the incidents and characters, but in the light in which the author places

all these; the inferences which his contrivance and arrangement naturally suggest. How differently will the same story be told by a *pure* and a *profligate* narrator? How will the same event inculcate opposite lessons, according to the light in which different hands exhibit it? Without entering into metaphysical inquiries into the "why" and the "wherefore," it is evident, that the tendency of fictitious narrations, and, in truth, of narratives of all kinds, depends upon the judgment, the taste, and the views of the narrator.

Smollet's wit and genius were considerable, but his moral discernment was far from being unexceptionable, and his taste far from being pure. He apparently delights in vulgar and profligate company, and of simple and sublime virtue he knows nothing. "The impulses of sentiment," "a thoughtless generosity," seem to be the height of his ken. The plain, sober, uniform excellence of reason or religion, are not to be looked for in his volumes.

Fielding is coarse, vulgar, and indelicate; recruiting officers, courtezans, sharpers, and adventurers, are too much the company to his liking. An ale-house kitchen, the humours of a landlady and chambermaid, are the scenes most congenial to his experience and taste. The pure and the sound mind will extract wisdom from every thing, and Fielding and Smollet will ever be valued by judicious readers, for their wit, their strong and vivid portraits of human characters, and the testimony which their ingenious narrations, with more or less energy, afford to the beauty and the usefulness of virtue: but the approbation which, with regard to them, will be qualified and moderate, will soar into something like rapture, at the pathetic and varied eloquence, the moral grandeur and sublimity of Richardson. In him, they will behold the opposite extremes of vice and virtue depicted with equal energy; the tenants of the cottage and the palace, the convent and the brothel, pourtrayed with equal truth; and the human character copiously and vividly painted, as it is modified by the differences of sex, rank, age, fortune, religion, and country. What chiefly provokes their wonder is, that he, who can descend so low, can, by turns, ascend so high; can realize, with equal exactness and force, the feelings of greatness and meanness; of riches and poverty; of humility and arrogance; of man and woman; of servant and master; and of vice and virtue.

If, by some strange alternative, the existence of the works of Richardson should become incompatible with that of the productions of all other moralists and inventors, I should not hesitate to say...." Let Richardson remain, though all others perish."

And now, with a full knowledge of all the ridicule and pity, which such a declaration must draw upon me, I conclude with begging your excuse, and craving a place for H. E.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XIX.

Continuation.....No system of national education....Improvements of the land are not effected....Emigrations from Europe are not encouraged.

THE congress has not, hitherto, concerned itself at all about a system of national education. It has left this subject entirely to the state legislatures, who have likewise effected very little to this purpose. Pennsylvania has indeed made a law, that a public library should be formed, in the principal town of every county, from which the inhabitants of the district might borrow books, without cost, and a public teacher be appointed and paid by the state; but I never met either with the teacher or the library in the county towns. Probably there was a want of funds, or else the law was forgotten. Ten years ago, an university for the Germans, called Franklin college, was established, by law, in the city of Lancaster. Of this university, there is nothing extant: absolutely nothing, but the letters of the law, and the paper upon which it is printed. Such is the case with most good things in America; it is barely ideal; the execution is altogether wanting. So it is with the new cities to be built, with the canals, and public roads. Such improvements of the country are always attempted to be effected by lotteries, which are adapted to the speculating spirit of the nation, and support it: for fifteen or twenty per cent are deducted from the prizes, and this deduction supplies the fund for the undertaking. It is not, however, always sufficient, for the dearness, of which I have already mentioned the causes, increases every month. Hence nothing is completed. The canal between the Susquehannah and the Schuylkill is not even begun; though it has been published in Germany as already completed. Upon the canal between the Schuylkill and the Delaware, a little digging has been done; but it is now again neglected: meanwhile the canal lotteries have had their course. It seems as if the only object of all such plans were to raise lotteries, and yet Pennsylvania is quite distinguished among her sister states in this respect. A turnpike road has likewise been completed from Philadelphia to Lancaster, 66 miles long. It is the only one in North America. But I return to the education of the people.

The youth grow up in stupidity, and unbounded licentiousness. A proper education would be best calculated to counteract the evil habits of the people; the mean selfishness, the drunkenness, the adulteries, the cheats, the thefts, the brawling, the harlotry, the perjuries, &c. all which, as Americans themselves complain, are spreading more and more in the cities, and through the country. In free countries, the people should be more polished, more moral, and better informed, than elsewhere; because they possess more rights, which they must learn to maintain, and not to misuse. In America, generally speaking, neither body nor mind is cultivated; the youth are suffered to vegetate on, until they have grown tall enough to marry; at which time they beget children like themselves, and then sink down amidst material employments and material pleasures, with utter indolence, into the slumbers of death, which come on earlier than in Europe. In respect to education, however, the New-Englanders distinguish themselves advantageously among their fellow-citizens.

Washington, in his speech on the seventh of December, 1796, at the opening of the session, urgently recommended to congress the erection of a national university, and of a military academy, in order, by a homogeneous education, to render the young people from all parts of the union more homogeneous with one another; a measure alone calculated to strengthen the union of the states. It is to be doubted whether the congress will put into effect the proposal of this enlightened statesman.

The emigration from Europe has not been in the smallest degree encouraged by the federal government. What a progress might the cultivation and clearing of the country have made, if it had been? How much would the mass of raw productions, and, of course, the articles of exportation, have been increased! how rapidly would the climate have improved! For it may be believed, that during the last eight years, the vices and follies of Europe would perhaps have driven two millions of laborious Europeans to America, if the passage, for which the American captains exact such enormous sums, had been provided for them gratis, by hiring ships for that special purpose; if land, cattle, instruments of agriculture, and seed had been distributed to them gratis; if certain years of exemption had been allowed them, after the expiration of which they should have paid to the public a contribution in kind, raised upon their lands, and invariably fixed. The nation would thus have been repaid richly, and with interest, all the sums expended upon these inland colonies. The climate and soil would have been ennobled, if I may so express myself, by this general culture. The nation would have gained immensely in political importance and stability by this increased population. There are not only to the westward of the Alleghany mountains, lands more than enough for the reception of these foreigners, but there are likewise in those mountains themselves fruitful vallies yet uninhabited, and towards the north-west, a region, the cultivation of which would immediately improve the climate, are extensive and fruitful forest lands. Among these new-comers, those, who were related or acquainted with each other, or had come from the same country, should have been settled together, and the families of every division should have been obliged to settle close to one another, with their lands bordering upon each other, whereby the disadvantages of insulated situations, for which Europeans are not proper, and the attacks of the Indians, would have been provided against. The emigrations, however, only of families, or at least of married people, should have been encouraged, and all possible care taken to keep off vagabonds. The American government gives no encouragement to emigration; and, in particular, views with no favouring eye the settlement of Frenchmen in the westerly regions; probably from the fear that the uneasy spirit of that nation might inspire projects of independence: especially as the land on the Mississipi and Ohio formerly belonged to France, under the name of Louisiana. If, however, the government has some reason to see with reluctance the migration of Frenchmen, it should still have encouraged, in the manner above described, that of Germans, and the other northern nations of Englishmen and Scotsmen; but not that of the lowest class of Irishmen.

CHAP. XX.

Continuation....No gratuitous administration of Justice....Post-office....The government endeavours to procure itself partizans by the distribution of numerous offices....Servile imitation of European usages.... The diminution of the National Debt still uncertain ....Bank-note system.

It would have been certainly pleasing to have seen in the world one enlightened government, which should have made the administration of justice gratuitous; which should have paid the judges liberally, but without allowing them to draw an income from lawsuits; where every one should be obliged to plead his own cause, and thereby the tribe of lawyers forever extirpated. The federal government did not chuse to assume such a character, and left every thing altogether upon the old footing.

A free circulation of letters, books, newspapers, &c. at the expense of the government would have been a novel institution, extremely important to trade, and to the circulation of knowledge. The American government established a post-office; but it was for the purpose of drawing revenue from it, and of having offices to distribute. It seems as if generally the government sought to procure dependents, by the means of impost, excise, and post-office offices. The rate of postage is enormous.

Some time ago, letters might be sent by the stage-coaches, which could require no pay for the carriage of them, or of newspapers. This is now forbidden, so that the revenues of the post-office may not be reduced; all which is in imitation of European establishments, when the Europeans themselves begin to view with disgust their errors hitherto. The Americans will always follow, though at a distance, the example of the Europeans.

The payment of the national debt has not yet been at all attempted, under the federal government, for Mr. Gallatin maintained in the house of representatives, of congress, in the session of 1796, that during the eight years of its existence, six millions of dollars of new debt had been contracted. It was determined to inquire into this, in the session of 1797. It is remarkable that a fact like this should not be ascertained, in a republic, where the national accounts are published. But the reduction of the public debt is far less than its augmentation, in the spirit of this government, and of the funding system, which it has adopted; for, according to the greatness of the debt, the number of creditors increases, and it becomes their interest to support the system and the government, under whose protection it was established. Thus, the number of its dependents increases with the greatness of its debt.

The congress has left the laws as it found them. It will be said, that to regenerate these was the duty of the state legislatures; but the congress has not even proposed to them any improvements. It has, however, intended to introduce a general rule of proceeding with respect to bankruptcy, which it expressed in a very extraordinary way, "an uniform system of bankruptcy." But perhaps it was found best to leave the thing as it was, for every thing still remains upon the old footing. To grow rich rapidly, bankruptcy is the most effectual mode, for in America credit is easily obtained. A man concerts with another scoundrel, who shares with him half the plunder, to make over to him all his estate, by means of a judgment bond. This is a judicial instrument, which entitles its holder to payment before all other creditors. It is, in some sort, a first hypothecation. Hereupon a bankruptcy ensues; the bankrupt goes to jail; swears that he does not possess five pounds property; is discharged; and then all is paid, and the Americans declare such a man to be a d——d clever fellow. The two scoundrels divide the plunder between them, and from that time their circumstances begin to flourish. It often happens, however, that the holder of the judgment bond, contrary to the agreement, keeps the whole to himself. This happened during my residence in Philadelphia. But then he is held in abhorrence by all the honourable bankrupts and false swearers, and is no longer trusted. The Americans must have a sympathetic feeling for bankrupts, for they often give them the preference at elections. "He is," say they, "an unfortunate gentleman, and must have a lucrative office, &c."

Upon all these enormities the congress has hitherto laid no restraint. An abolition of all credit, so that the laws should give no security to property, consisting in debts, would perhaps every where, and especially in America, be useful; it would empty the prisons of debtors. In fine, every state has its different laws. In New-Jersey, certain crimes are punished with hanging; in Pennsylvania not. Those, who wish to fight a duel, go from Philadelphia into Jersey, that is, they cross the river. All this is gothic anarchy. The assertion that different climates require different laws, should generally be applied only to the extremes of climate. The United States are, in this respect, not so distant from one another as to require totally different laws. With respect to slavery in the southern states, congress has done nothing at all.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

THE ensuing criticism upon JUNIUS, that legitimate English classic, as he is justly styled in the "Pursuits of Literature," will be diligently perused by men of literary research, when they are apprized, that it is the production of one of the first classical scholars of the age, and that it has the double merit of being both just and new.

When thousands are in search of fame, and desirous to attain it by the hardiest exertions, it seems wonderful, that any writer, whose works have received unbounded applause, should choose to let his name continue in the darkest obscurity..... Other reasons, and not the contempt of fame, must have prevented him from claiming the glittering prize. Fear of resentment from the persons, whom he may have censured, or a change in the sentiments, which he may have advanced with rash confidence, must be the real causes for his preference of concealment to glory. "I am the sole depositary of my own secret," says Junius; but, unless death has sealed it up for ever, it may be expected that the secret will burst the bars of its sepulchre, when the danger of its escape shall be removed by time.

But the writings of Junius afford, at this period, more matter of contemplation to the man of taste and literature, than to the politician. More Attic than Cicero, more florid than Demosthenes, he has reached the desirable point of excellence, where the correct stops short of the jejune, and the ornamented shuns the affected, the diffuse, and the declamatory.

No writings, on political subjects, are to be found in the English language comparable, in elegance of style and composition, to the letters of Junius. Bolingbroke was incorrect and unequal. He has, indeed, many spirited passages in his Patriot King, and some which bear a resemblance to Junius, but which do not equal him. His stream rolls not like a majestic river, with undiminished magnificence, but tumbles on like a temporary torrent, rushing over fragments of rocks and stumps of trees, impeded by bushes, clogged with weeds, and often turbid with a muddy comixture.

The periodical papers, of the age of Bolingbroke, which attracted much attention, during the violence of party attachment, exhibit but few specimens of fine composition. I never found any passages extracted from the Craftsman, Cato's Letters, and the rest of that species, which could pretend to any remarkable elegance of style or manner. Many of them had force of expression, and subtilty of argument, but the best of them seem not to maintain a place among the English classics. They were not formed for duration. They may be compared to the puffs and tartlets of the pastry cook, which are only good immediately after they are drawn out of the oven; or to some kinds of perishable fruit, which are no sooner ripe than rotten, which must be eaten immediately, or given to the swine*.

Junius, indeed, when he writes on common subjects, writes like common men. He was one of those writers, whose genius is excited by the dignity of his subject, and rises adequately to the occasion. His preface is but of moderate excellence; his Philo-Junius, confessedly written by himself, would not have distinguished him from the herd; and his notes are worthy of little distinction.

On the disgrace of lord Mansfield, the duke of Grafton, the duke of Bedford, and sir William Draper, he has reared a column of fame, more durable and beautiful than brass or marble. Those exalted personages were unfortunate in the circumstance of being coeval with such a writer. The hand of Genius has disgraced their honours with a cross bar, which neither heraldry nor the mandate of a monarch can remove. The arrow, shot from such a bow, stuck in their sides, never to be extracted. Posterity will read their characters in the letters of Junius, when friendship and party shall be no longer able to wipe off the colours that have stained them. I enter not into the justice or injustice of his invectives. I believe them often unjust. I only remark, that as it was deemed the highest good fortune to an Achilles to be celebrated by a Homer, so it is the most deplorable fate of these gentlemen to have been stigmatized with infamy, by a Junius. The duke of Bedford might have purchased forbearance of Junius cheaply, at the price of half his enormous fortune, if Junius had been venal. Truth is, indeed, great, and will, in time, prevail; but where, our descendants will ask, are the beneficent actions, the noble achievements of these personages recorded, to counterbalance or invalidate the representations of Junius?

The letter to the king, though one of the finest compositions in the volumes, I cannot approve, because it was intended to add pungency to the thorns of a crown. Ministers and public persons, of all ranks, who are aiming at the rewards of ambition, under the pretence of patriotism, are fair objects of political satire; but a king of England is empowered, by the constitution, to act so little of himself, that the blame of transactions that pass under his name cannot, with justice, be imputed to his personal activity. The peculiar nature of the unfortunate illness, which has since afflicted the king, induces every man of common good nature to wish, that whatever may have corroded his breast with painful sensations, not absolutely unavoidable, had never been presented to his notice. The pen of Junius was like the steel of Felton. The knife of Margaret Nicholson was a straw to the weapon of Junius.

But, on this topic, I add no more. I designed to consider Junius only in a literary light. And though, in common with the nation, I admire his letters, as fine pieces of eloquence of that kind, which the ancient rhetoricians denominated the *epidictic*; though I consider him as the VERY FIRST OF OUR ENGLISH CLASSICS; though I admire his terse language, his keen wit, his polished satire; yet I regret that he did not exercise his talent on subjects of universal and everlasting concernment, on morals, on letters, on history. He might have produced works, which would not only have charmed, but improved, an admiring nation. But Sybilline pages, on temporary politics, seldom have survived their authors to any distant period..... Great and important as the men and actions of the present day appear to the present generation, they will not appear great to posterity, who will have their own heroes of their own day, to form the transient pageants of the hour. The genius of Junius, and nothing but such a genius could do it, will embalm the more trifling topics of his letters, as straws and flies are preserved in amber. But they will be retained rather in the cabinets of the curious, than diffused among the world at large. Whereas, a work of general utility, such as must interest human nature, in all times and circumstances, adorned with the graces, which he was able to bestow, would have been cherished by mankind with affection and regard, which has preser-

* Porcis *hodie* comedenda relinques.....HORACE.

ved to this hour the authors of the age of Pericles and Augustus.

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I am so pleased with COWLEY's easy prose, that from a liberal sentiment of regard for his genius in general, I sometimes look into his poetry, and here and there find a short poem, or a few lines, with which not only my judgment is satisfied, but my fancy is amused. I avoid his "*Mistress*," as the most frigid creature, that ever the muse embodied. I skip over his "*Davideis*," as a rumbling epic, if possible, more grating to the ear, than the "*scrannel* pipe" of the noisy Blackmore. As I abhor metaphysics in any mode, his metaphysical lays are not calculated to sooth me, and the fantastic flutter of his *Pindaric* hoyden excites as little complacency, as the affected gaiety of a hobbling old maid. Of his tedious verse, descriptive of the properties of plants, not even Linnæus would scan a line; and to the loves of "Constantia and Philetus," the most sentimental of modern misses would not devote the most languid of her summer hours. But I have not often perused a more lively copy of the festal pleasures of a merry Greek, than in the "Anacreontics," and few of the moderns, who, either drunk or sober, have attempted to carol the praises of love and wine, have sung so cheerily, as Cowley, in these airy odes. Another performance remains to be favourably excepted, from the above mass of censure. I allude to the "*Chronicle*," in which the poet, as in a sort of calendar, registers the vicissitudes of his love, and, like a grave historian, composes the annals of the various empresses, who, in succession, mildly governed, or haughtily swayed, a susceptible and fickle heart. Of this bewitching performance, all encomium is superseded by the elegant panegyric from the pen of JOHNSON, who has invested this lovely child of a poet's fancy with the richest brocade, and ushers the darling into the drawing-room of taste, with the eager partiality of a fond friend, and the polished phrase of an accomplished courtier.

"The *Chronicle* is a composition unrivalled and alone: Such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is vain to expect, except from Cowley. His strength always appears, in his agility; his *volatility* is not the *flutter* of a *light*, but the *bound of an elastic mind*. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician, and the critic, mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance, Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety."

THE CHRONICLE,

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign,
To the beauteous Catharine;
Beauteous Catharine gave place,
Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart,
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not *evil councils* ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
'Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary, then, and gentle Ann,
Both to *reign at once* began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose,
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon these pleasures fled;
For the *gracious princess* died,
In her Youth and Beauty's pride.
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith *held* the *sovereign power*,
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to *govern was unfit*,
And so Susannah took her place.

But, when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye,
While she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the bye.

But, in her place, I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her *viceroy maid*,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a *third* Mary next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And the pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The *strength* and *riches* of *their state*,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the *politic* arts,
To *take* and *keep* men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime twigs laid,
By *Machiavel*....the waiting-*maid*,
I more voluminous should grow,
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weathers that befel,
Than Hollingshed, or Stow.

But I will briefly with them be,
Since *few of them* were *long* with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Fairest *Ellen*, *first* of the name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

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Some of the most momentous events in history have sprung from sources trivial or mean; and for some of the most splendid achievements in literature, we are indebted to accidental associations. The soothing vespers of a Franciscan friar, heard amid Roman ruins, excited in the mind of GIBBON a wish to frame the history of the decline and fall of that empire. *His* description of the first idea of that performance, and of the tumultuous emotion of delight, experienced by an author, when his "task is *smoothly* done*," will be understood and relished by the etherial few.

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the capitol, while the bare footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception of my history; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy, on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

* Milton's Comus.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

He was perfumed like a millener,
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.....

A DRAWING-ROOM BEAU.

HAVING some time figured in this envied character, I shall, for the benefit of future candidates, detail the qualifications necessary to acquire and support it.

Procure your coats of *Watson*, hat of *Tiffin*, and boots of *Bedford*. Let no occupation interfere with your morning visits. Be seen seldom in the company of men; often as possible with fashionable females; and pass no lady of your acquaintance in the streets, without joining her, however urgent your other business. Never smoke! and shun convivial associations, for if you are once known to belong to a club, all character in the drawing-room is gone forever, had you the qualities of a ..... If nature has given you a tolerable memory, employ it in retaining accurately the figures of the various dances in use. This last is a certain way of rising into consequence, and, if pursued with assiduity and perseverance, will, in the course of a few years, lead to preferment, possibly to the post of *manager of the assemblies*. If you be endowed with fancy and eloquence, descant upon the weather, the shape of a coat, or figure of a fan: if *stupid*, declare it *too d.....d troublesome* to talk. Lounge in all companies, upon chairs and sophas; when spoken to, answer concisely, and with a careless shrug, and you will pass current for a wit: *probatum est!* But, should there be unfortunately a spice of literature in your composition, conceal it with the most extreme caution: I knew a first-rate beau degraded by a classical quotation, and have myself sunk into total disregard, by asking my friend *Slender*, just returned from a *two days' visit* to Rome, if he had seen the bagnios of Dioclesian and Antoninus Caracalla, or the sepulchre of Scipio Africanus! In a word, if you wish to shine, follow the rules I have prescribed, and industriously drive from your brain every lurking trace of those deadly enemies to distinction in the gay and fashionable circles, which are known by the terms *information* and *common sense*.

PLUME.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

IN the beginning of April last, at the queen's drawing-room, Mrs. Derby, of Boston, was presented to the queen, by Mrs. King, and was much admired for her beauty, and the simplicity of her

dress, which was of white crape, and tastefully arranged with wreaths of white flowers and beads.

Miss Bingham, who was likewise presented by Mrs. King, wore a black crape petticoat, richly embroidered with black bugles and beads; body and train to correspond. Head dress, tiara of bugles, with diamonds and feathers.

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LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Promenade Dresses....1. A round dress of thick white muslin. Short thick pelice, trimmed all round with deep black lace. Black velvet bonnet, worn with a deep veil. Bear muff.

2. Dress of white cambric, made close round the neck with a collar. A spencer of lilac silk, trimmed with fur or lace. Large straw hat, looped up in front with a straw button, and tied under the chin with ribbon.

3. A round dress of sprigged muslin; long cloak of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with muslin or lace; close bonnet, trimmed and ornamented with lilac.

Nine Heads....1. A bonnet of blue satin, trimmed round the front with deep black lace, and ornamented with black feathers.

2. A bonnet of white satin, made open at top to admit the hair, and trimmed all round with chenille trimming; two white feathers in front.

3. A hat of brown velvet, turned up in front, and lined with yellow; brown and yellow feathers in front.

4. A cap of white velvet, spotted with gold, and with gold trimming.

5. A bonnet of white satin and yellow crape, ornamented with a white flower, and with yellow and white bows.

6. A cap of white muslin, trimmed with gold trimming; three white ostrich feathers fixed on the right side to hang in front.

7. The hair dressed in the present fashion, and banded with gold.

8. Round bonnet of velvet, and trimmed with steel beads; purple feather in front.

9. Turban of white satin, with a band of muslin round the front, fastened on the left side with a gold loop; gold flower in front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Long cloaks of white muslin have taken place of pelices, and Spanish cloaks of white muslin have also been introduced. Deep white veils are very general. Straws begin to be worn, in a great variety of forms, chiefly large, and of the gipsey and Spanish shapes. Lace is universal, and is introduced into all parts of the dress. The hair is dressed as last month, in light loose curls. The prevailing colours are straw, lilac, green, and blue.

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LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Promenade Dresses....1. A plain white dress of white muslin. A scarf shawl of lilac or other coloured muslin, tied down behind with a bow of ribbon, and trimmed at the ends with broad black lace. A small bonnet of lilac muslin (worn with or without a veil), made deeper on the one side than the other, and ornamented with a white feather. A locket watch, suspended by a gold chain from the neck.

2. A train or round dress of white muslin, with a short dress of black patent net worn over it, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Small round hat (worn with or without a veil), with a yellow feather in front.

3. A dress of white muslin, with very full sleeves of muslin and lace. A shirt of cambric and lace, in alternative stripes. Spanish cloak of worked muslin, trimmed round with lace. Straw hat, turned up behind, trimmed with flowers, and tied under the chin.

Morning and Evening dresses....1. Short cloak of fine worked muslin, lined with pink, and trimmed with broad white lace. Bonnet of the same, trimmed with small puffings of muslin.

2. A curricle dress. A close bonnet, made of green silk, and trimmed with black. A spencer also of green silk, trimmed with black lace.

3. A full dress of blue muslin, trimmed with white beads, full white. A twisted turban of white muslin, ornamented with beads, and with a silver spray in front.

4. A full dress, the robe of brown muslin, trimmed all round with a silver trimming, the sleeves of white muslin and lace, with very full epaulets of the same as the dress. A hat of brown muslin, trimmed with silver, to correspond with the dress, and ornamented with feathers.

5. The Dutch straw bonnet, bound with broad white ribbon, and turned up before and behind, and trimmed round the crown puffings of white ribbon; muslin scarf shawls.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

White veils and straws of all shapes are general. The prevailing colours are lilac, blue, and yellow. Large hats give place to small round ones. Spanish cloaks, and scarfs of white or coloured muslin, are at present much worn. Feathers continue to be adopted in full dress.

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The Philadelphia fashion at present is, in the words of Geoffry Gombado, to be *genteel* and *agreeable*. The heat of our climate compels both sexes to consult comfort, rather than splendor. Our nymphs, under the double influence of their own warmth, and that of the sun, are obliged to appear in Lacedemonian drapery; and our swains move languidly along, under the pressure of *coatees*, and hats of gossamour. Vulgar nankeen and filthy dowlas are in great request.

Our High-street loungers sport a hat of an enormous circumference. A *small* beau is so overshadowed by one of Tiffin's best, that his *dimensions* to any thick sight are *invisible*.

Otto of roses is the favourite perfume at Paris.

A London perfumer thus invites to *partial* purity:

White hands have ever been esteemed a personal beauty in both sexes, and in some parts of Europe are essential to persons of rank. The Bandana soap, or Indian washing cakes, possess the peculiar property of giving the most exquisite delicacy of texture, and inconceivable fairness to the hands, which are constantly washed with this soap only; and these effects are not produced too suddenly, as if by paint, but gradually, by correcting all the imperfections of the skin, and, when once produced, which they are certain to be by perseverance, they are permanent. Even in cases where the skin has been injured by labour or other violence, the hardness and coarseness are effectually, infallibly, and permanently removed, and succeeded by smoothness, fairness, and delicacy of appearance, which cannot be acquired by any other means whatever. To people of fashion, and others, who have not injured the texture of their skin, the superior excellence of the Bandana soap will be evident after the first time of using it.

From the number of young nudes, whom we daily see, we might suppose that parents had revived the old barbarous custom of *exposing* their *children*.

A London wag avers, the high winds of March were very *searching*, but the *transparent* style of female dress left few charms to *discover*.

A British mechanic notifies brides, that he fits up *bedsteads* on a *new principle*.

POLITICS.

[We are glad to have an early opportunity to give a liberal analysis of Mr. WINDHAM's sentiments, respecting an insidious, hypocritical, and short-lived peace. We the more cheerfully publish every thing, which can reflect honour on this great statesman, because he is a shining pupil of that school, whose politics, weighed in the balance of Experience, have never proved wanting. If BURKE and WINDHAM be erroneous, then is this

"PILLAR'D firmament *rottenness*,
And Earth's base built on *stubble*."]

Review of the Speech of the Right Honourable William Windham, delivered in the House of Commons, November 4, 1801, *on the Report of an Address to the Throne, approving of the Preliminaries of Peace with the Republic of France.*

MR. WINDHAM began his speech, which displays the spirit, the temper, and the wisdom of a true statesman, of a genuine patriot who loves his country and understands her real interests, with lamenting what appeared to him the probable consequences of the preliminary treaty of peace. He considers the substance of the arguments advanced by ministers and their supporters to be this—that France has the *power* of destroying us, but they hope she will not have the *inclination*. He then, very naturally, bursts out into the following exclamation: "That I should have lived to see the day, when such arguments could be used in a British house of commons!—that I should have lived to see a house of commons, where such arguments could be heard with patience, and even with complacency!" Mr. W. collects, from the speeches on the other side, that ministers reject the supposition of any actual necessity to make peace, but that they make it in order to anticipate such necessity; and thence he contends, that we have acted as Menou acted at Alexandria, and are, consequently, like him, *conquered!* for, he adds, "I know not what other definition we want of being conquered, than that a country can say to us, "We can hold out, and you cannot; make peace, or we will ruin you: and that you, in consequence, make peace upon terms which must render a renewal of hostilities, under any provocation, more certainly fatal than a continuation of that war, which you already declare yourselves unable to bear."

The idea of making the conclusion of peace a mere question of arithmetical calculation, and so regulating the most important concerns of a great empire, by the narrow contracted notions of a counting-house, is most pointedly and successfully ridiculed. Mr. W. readily admits that if the mere pecuniary value of the territory actually conceded to us by the peace, or of that to be acquired by a continuation of the war, were to constitute the only ground of consideration, the peace would have his approbation; but, he truly states, that a statesman ought also to consider "the effect which peace, made in such and such circumstances, is likely to have on the character and estimation of the country; a species of possession, which, though neither tangible nor visible, is as much a part of national strength, and has as real a value, as any thing that can be turned into pounds and shillings, that can be told by the score or hundred, or weighed out in averdupoise." This language, no doubt, sounded oddly to the frigid calculators of revenue and expense, but it will be perfectly intelligible to statesmen and politicians, properly so called. As to the estimation of the country in the minds of foreign powers, we have heard that a nobleman of great information and talents, who has recently returned from the continent, reports, that before the peace they *feared* us, and since the peace they *despise* us. The subsequent remarks on the value of national honour are excellent: these are strengthened by the authority of Mr. Fox and of Junius; the latter of whom, speaking of the business of the Faulkland

Islands, said "To depart, in the minutest article, from the nicety and strictness of punctilio, is as dangerous to national honour, as it is to female virtue. The woman who admits of one familiarity seldom knows where to stop, or what to refuse; and, when the councils of a great country give way in a single instance, when they are once inclined to submission, every step accelerates the rapidity of their descent." When it is considered that such was the language used by a writer who courted the favour of the people; and contrast it with the arguments *now* employed for the same purpose, what a lamentable inference must be drawn from the comparison! If France can appreciate such a state of things, we are, indeed, a conquered people!

In the next branch of his argument, Mr. W. examines whether we are left in a better situation by the peace, than we should have been placed in by a continuation of the war; and for this purpose he takes a view of the terms of peace.

"The description of these is simple and easy: France gives nothing, and, excepting Trinidad and Ceylon, England gives every thing. If it were of any consequence to state what in diplomatic language was the basis of this treaty, we must say, that it had no *onc* basis; but that it was the *status quo*, on the part of England, with the two exceptions in its favour, of Ceylon and Trinidad; and the *uti possidetis*, with the addition of all the other English conquests, on the part of France. But what may be the technical description of the treaty, is, comparatively, of little importance. It is the result that is material, and the extent of power and territory, now, by whatever means, actually remaining in the hands of France. The enumeration of this, liable indeed in part to be disputed, but upon the whole sufficiently correct, may be made as follows:

"In Europe—France possesses the whole of the continent, with the exception of Russia and Austria. If it be said that parts of Germany, and the Northern courts of Denmark and Sweden are not fairly described as being immediately under the controul of France, we must balance this consideration by remarking the influence which France possesses in these governments, and the commanding position which she occupies with respect to Austria, by the possession of Switzerland and Mantua, and those countries which have been considered always, and twice in the course of the present war, have proved to be, the direct inlet into the heart of her dominions.

"In Asia—Pondicherry, Mahê, Cochin, Negapatam, the Spice islands.

"In Africa—the Cape of Good Hope, Goree, Senegal.

"In the sea that is inclosed by these three continents, which connects them all, and furnishes to us in many respects our best and surest communication with them—the Mediterranean—every port and post except Gibraltar, from one end of it to the other, including the impregnable and invaluable port of Malta; so as to exclude us from a sea, which it had ever before been the anxious policy of Great-Britain to keep in her hands—and to render it now, truly and properly, what it was once idly called, the Sea of France.

"In the West-Indies—St. Domingo, both the French and Spanish, Martinico, St. Lucie, Guadaloupe, Tobago, Curacoa.

"In North-America—St. Pierre and Miquelon, with a right to the fisheries in the fullest extent to which they were ever claimed; Lousiana, (so it is supposed) a word dreadful to be pronounced, to all who consider the consequences with which that cession is pregnant, whether as it acts northward, by its effects upon the United States, or southward, as opening a direct passage into the Spanish settlements in America.

"In South-America—Surinam, Demerara, Berbice, Essequibo, taken by us and now ceded;—Guiana, and by the effect of the treaty fraudulently signed by France with Portugal, just before the signature of these preleminaries, a tract of country extending to the river Amazon, and giving to France the command of the entrance into that river.—Whether, by any secret article, the evils of this cession will prove to have been done away, time will discover. In fact, (be that as it may) France may be said to possess the whole of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements upon that continent. For who shall say, that she has not the command of those settlements, when she has the command of the countries to which they belong; *cum custodit ipsos custodes?* She has, in truth, whatever part of the continent of South-America she chooses to occupy; and as far as relates to the Spanish part, without even the necessity, a necessity that probably would not cost her much, of infringing any part of the present treaty.

"Such is the grand and comprehensive circle to which the New Roman Empire may be soon expected to spread, now that peace has removed all obstacles, and opened to her a safe and easy passage into the three remaining quarters of the globe.—Such is the power, which we are required to contemplate without dismay! under the shade of whose greatness we are invited to lie down with perfect tranquillity and composure! I should be glad to know, what our ancestors would have thought and felt in this situation? What those weak and deluded men, so inferior to the politicians of the present day, the Marlboroughs, the Godolphins, the Somers's, the king Williams, all those who viewed with such apprehension the power of Louis XIV. what they would say to a peace, which not only confirms to France the possession of nearly the whole of Europe, but extends her empire over every other part of the globe. Is there a man of them, who would not turn in his coffin, could he be sensible to a twentieth part of that which is passing, as perfect matter of course, in the politics of the present moment?

"But to all these mighty dangers we have, it seems, one great security to oppose; not that degrading and bastard security to which I have before adverted, and to which, I fear, I must again recur—that France is *lassata*, if not *satiata;* that having run down her prey, she will be content to spare it, and be willing for a while to leave us unmolested; but a rational, sober, well-founded security, applicable to the supposition that she may not be wanting in the will to hurt us, but will happily not possess the power. This great security, we are told, is our wealth. We are, it seems, so immensely rich, our prosperity stands on so sure and wide a basis, we have such a pyramid of gold, so beautifully constructed, and so firmly put together, that we may safely let in all the world to do their worst against it; they can never overturn it, and might spend ages in endeavouring to take it to pieces. We seem to consider our commercial prosperity, like those articles of property, timber, marble, and others of that sort, which, however valuable, may be safely left unguarded, being too weighty and bulky to be carried away.

"Sir, the first circumstance that strikes one in this statement, is, that odd inconsistency, by which a country that makes peace on account of its poverty, is to rest its whole hope of security in that peace, upon its wealth. If our wealth will protect us, it is a great pity that this discovery was not made long ago; it would have saved us many years of painful struggle; have kept in our hands a great additional portion of these very means of protection, and have lessened considerably the dangers against which such protection is wanted."

The succeeding pages are devoted to the establishment of this position, not more alarming than just;—"with its present feelings the country never *can* go to war again, let France do what she will"—and having proved this, Mr. W. adds—"Sir, are these idle dreams, the phantom of my own disordered imagination? or are they real and serious dangers, the existence of which no man of common sense, let his opinions of the peace be what they may, will attempt to deny? The utmost that any man will pretend to say, is, that he hopes (and so do I) that the evils apprehended will not happen; and that, great as the risk may be, he thinks it preferable to those risks which would attend a continuation of the war. None but *the most weak or inconsiderate*, if they are not disaffected, or absorbed in the sense of *some immediate personal interest*, will feel, when they shall well understand the subject, that there is any cause of *joy* or *rejoicing*." We believe, indeed, the *delirium of joy* is pretty well over, though the *daily* efforts of some persons, included in Mr. W.'s exceptions, are directed to produce its revival; and to stigmatize as *audacious*, as men actuated by *selfish*, *dark*, *malignant* passions*, all who presume to think with Mr. W. on the subject of peace, and not implicitly to subscribe to the infallibility of themselves and their employers. We have even been assured that a member of administration proposed to dismiss a gentleman from a public situation, the duties of which he had conscientiously discharged, to the universal satisfaction of all who have had an opportunity of observing his conduct; and, at a critical time, with much personal danger to himself, because he had dared to disapprove the peace, and support his opinions by fair argument. The proposition, however, is said to have been rejected with firmness, by the premier, who justly represented such a proceeding as highly oppressive in itself, and as subversive, in its effects, of the freedom of the press. His conduct certainly did him honour; though it was no more than a knowledge of his character would have led us to expect; for, however we may differ from him in opinion on the subject of the peace, we shall be ever ready to do justice to the amiable qualities of his heart and mind.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE hope "*Daphnis*" will excuse the insertion of "A *Monody* on ....." We cannot, indeed we cannot, bear this whimpering style. The voice of sincere grief will always command attention, and excite sympathy; but the drawling moan of mincing affectation raises no passion, but contempt. Yet, among our numerous fools, Daphnis may find an approving reader, and, in many an *impartial* paper, he will find a *vacant* corner for insipid verse.

> For still, the Soul of Candour! I allow'd
> These jingling elegies amused the *crowd*,
> That *patriot cits* hung blubbering on each line,
> That *lady critics* wept, and cried "divine!"
> That love-lorn *sheep* reclin'd the pensive head,
> And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
> Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye,
> And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.
>
> W. GIFFORD.

We hope that "JAQUES" will soon have a fit of *poetical* melancholy. So agreeable an associate we could wish to hear *conversing* in literary society, but that some of his "*Reflections*" might originate in "*Solitude.*"

The unreasonable querulousness of "Zelinda" reminds the Editor of a passage, so picturesque and characteristical, that our peevish correspondent may, if she please, *bring the picture home.*

> Anxious Melania rises to my view,
> Who never thinks her lover pays his due;
> Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
> Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more.*
> His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
> As unoiled hinges, querulously shrill,

* Vide the Twin-brothers, the *True Briton* and *Sun* passim.

"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go? that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin:
For of all *rivals*, that can pain her breast,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares *enjoy himself!*

"A Militia Officer" is equally prodigal of his weak reasons and his strong passion, in behalf of his *holiday* soldiers.

And here all authors make a doubt
Whether he is more wise, or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference is so small, his brain
Outweighs his rage, but half a grain.

We are weary of receiving, and of *burning* wire-drawn poetry, upon frivolous topics. For epitaphs on *cats* or on *kittens*, for the toilsome intricacy of *rebuses*, or the *obvious* orthography of an acrostic, the copiousness of the English language does not afford a sufficient variety of degrading epithets to the Editor, to allow him to express half his contempt. The *mechanical* weavers of such flimsy stuff should arise from their little looms, and reflect upon a sensible passage from the modern Pope.

....." When the heaven-born muse
Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
Hums on a *beetle's* bier the doleful stave,
Or sits *chief-mourner*.... at a *May-bug's* grave,
Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy."
GIFFORD.

P. D. has laid aside his harp. We hope it does not hang upon the willows. Our frequent invitations to this writer are dictated by a sincere spirit. We respect his literary character, and relish his easy verse.

"Beatrice" will relieve the dreariness of politics, and animate the lethargy of our own compositions, by her fluent style, and sprightly wit. Her raillery is always well mannered, and men are willing to be laughed *at*, by one, who excites merriment, by the wand of Good Humour.

At the sight of "An Elegy*," we cannot help shaking the head and looking glum. To the wailing author of these doleful strains, we must apply the caution of Horace to Albius Tibullus.

.....Ne doleas plus nimio memor
Immitis Glycera, neu *miserabiles*,
Decantes *elegos*.

The imitation of ANACREON is festive and poetical. The carousing poet, with his eye in a *fine frenzy rolling*, discerns many a jovial reveller.

.. .." Sub arcte
Vite bibentem."

"Asmodeo" is looked for with a lover's impatience. He is sure of a kind reception. We are not insensible of his partiality to this paper, and we gratefully assure him, that he cannot address us too often.

A new correspondent in the Lounger, signed J. E. is heard, with the most respectful attention, in behalf of Richardson's novels. Of the Pamela of that author, we cannot be very vehement in our eulogy. To our careless eyes, Pamela has always appeared an insipid sort of a maiden; but many scenes and many characters in Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison are boldly sketched, with the brightest pencil of Genius. Lovelace is a glaring, though noxious meteor; and, from the outrageous virtue of Miss Howe, even the most prim of Philadelphia prudes might learn new lessons of austerity.

"A Drawing-room Beau" is a humorous caricature, ably hit off, by some moral Gilray, who delights in tracing the distorted features of affectation. We shall always find room in the Port Folio for such pictures.

To the translator of Sketches from La Bruyere, both his author and the Editor are indebted. The first has, hitherto, been very lamely rendered, and the only translation, which we have seen, is one *done into English*, under the *abused* name of Nicholas Rowe, an author of the most soft and sprightly diction. We are pleased to perceive even a *fragment* of a version, by a gentleman, who not only understands the original critically, but is well versed in that knowledge of life and manners, which professor La Bruyere stipulates to teach.

* GOLDSMITH, who had a sovereign contempt for this small style of poetry, makes his good Vicar say, Deborah, my life, you know grief is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine to keep up our spirits I have wept too much, at *all sorts of elegies* of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure *this will overcome me.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following matrimonial event happened at Gosport:....A publican there was informed, that his daughter had lately set off to be married to one of the *black cymbalists* of the Wiltshire band, and that only a speedy interference could prevent their being married. The father pursued the couple, but arrived too late to prevent the union. Application being made to the officer, the bridegroom was confined some time, for being absent without leave, and the bride was conducted home, by the mother and constable. She attended to her father's door, where the mother led the van; the constable desired the bride to follow, but she so well timed her manners, by politely saying, "After you, sir," that she persuaded the constable to take precedence, while she took to her heels, and completely effected her escape. [*London paper.*

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He, who wishes to be instructed in the *morality* of Kotzebue's drama, and of most *French* plays, will learn all that is necessary from the following.

They hold that our nature exists in its utmost purity among savages, and that civilization, and social intercourse are curses. Conformably to these ideas, subjection is servility, and authority tyranny; while liberty and independence are such indefeasible rights, that even between a parent and a child, no such sentiments as authority and obedience should subsist. They say that the miseries of mankind do not proceed from divine sufferance, from general depravity, or from the fulfilment of the mysterious plans of Providence, but from the perverse oppression of *the great*, who delight in the miseries of their fellow-creatures.

Allured by the charm of antithesis, modern readers sit down to the perusal of the "*Pitiable Adultress*," "The *Noble Lie*," "*Generous Revenge*," "*Honest Thieves*," "The *Guiltless Parricide*," "*Errors of Virtue*," *Amiable Indiscretions*," The *Innocent Slanderer*," "*Delicate Anger*," and a thousand other absurdities.

—

IN a catalogue of curious books, lately offered for sale in London, we perceive an Homer editio *princeps*, of 1448; an Apuleius, 1469; Cicero ad Atticum, 1470; Ciceronis Officia, 1466; Livius, 1470; Quintilian, 1470; Nepos, 1471; and Justin, 1470, all of the editio prin; together with Anacreon Brunckeï, Ovidius Burmanni, and a Combe's Horace, in the most magnificent style of typography. The *Deux Ponts* Greek classics. Variorum Classics, 122 vols. Russia binding. German editions of the classics, 203 vols. Virgilius Heynii, and the splendid Madrid edition of Don Quixotte.

—

Mr. *Serjeant Best* has lately been *worsted* in a pugilistic rencontre. The London punsters, who are always upon the *look out* for a good thing, declared that it was certainly degrading to a *serjeant* to receive a *corporal* chastisement.

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The duke of Somerset presided at the last public dinner of the literary fund, which was attended by upwards of four hundred gentlemen. Catches and glees were sung after dinner, and mess. Fitzgerald, Boscawen, and Birch, recited some fine pieces of original poetry. By the treasurer's report, it appears that this laudable institution prospers highly. Among the new subscribers are the duchess of Devonshire and earl Spencer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF DACTYL AND COMMA,
DEALERS IN ODES, POEMS, SONGS AND ELEGIES, POETS CORNER, NO. 2, CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

Having opened a *literary* shop at this place, where (begging pardon of the Government of the College) there are few good judges of our commodities, we have consigned a package to your care, and if this sample please you, we shall be happy to deal farther with you.

We are, sir,
Your most obedient, &c.
DACTYL and COMMA.

SONG.

LET grave philosophers declaim
Against our joys, and boldly blame
The pleasures of the vine;
Should Zeno's self, in glory bright,
Upon this tipling world alight,
And swear that drinking was not right,
I still would love good *wine*.

Tho' amorous Damon should compose
A sonnet to his mistress' *nose*,
And make her all divine;
Tho' every grace the maid adorn,
Tho' pure as is the breath of morn,
Tho' ripe as is the golden corn,
I'd give her up for *wine*.

Although her cheeks should blooming glow,
Though music from her lips should flow,
With pleasure I'd resign
The charming fair, nor would I prize
The love that sparkles in her eyes;
My roving fancy from her flies,
'Tis drawn by generous *wine*.

Let others sing of other joys,
The sportsman and the huntsman's noise,
Or pleasures of the line.
Let them describe, in numbers gay,
The bliss of shooting on the spray,
The lark, who ushers in the day,
But let my theme be *wine*.

Come then, my friends, and cheerly stand,
With each a bumper in his hand,
Around the juice divine;
Instead of toasting Daphne's *face*,
Or Nimrod, first upon the chace,
With fervid grasp your glass embrace.
And toast the God of Wine.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The muse of Cunningham has sung sweetly, and with no borrowed strain, in pastoral. He has, with rare felicity, blended sentiment with description, in one of the tritest themes of poesy. The ensuing verses, it is believed, were never republished in any American miscellany. They combine moral thoughts, and varied imagery. The picture of the moon, in the sixth stanza, and of the "pendent poppies," in she sixteenth is very charming.]

THE CONTEMPLATIST,

A NIGHT PIECE.

"Nox erat.....
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres."

THE queen of contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light,
Her silver vested train.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears,
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still;
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill.

The sweets that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive, in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze,
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A phœnix nest on fire.

But soft....the golden glow subsides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air,

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches brav'd the sky:
Thus, at the touch of ruthless time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse,
It glows serenely gay,
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend... the daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind,
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.....how like the vague desires,
That cheat the heart of man.

But there's a friendly guide, a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar,
And darts along the dusk, so bright,
It seems a silver star.

In coverts, where the few frequent,
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth the rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep,
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect....for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky,
Save where a starry space between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind,
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold,
But hark! I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize;
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot,
Whom Pleasure once misguides,
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides.

The passions, a relentless train,
To tear the victim run,
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of power
Advance their vain parade;
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade.

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform;
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm.

The angry elements engage!
An oak, an ivied bow'r,
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amid that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb, the consecrated dome,
The temple, rais'd to Peace,
The port, that in a friendly home,
Receives the human race.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
An emblemetic bed,
That offers, to the mental sight,
The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep,
And tutor'd hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace....the little chaos past,
The gracious moon restor'd,
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd.

The nightingale, a welcome guest,
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes, when yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high,
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find,
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
GIVE VIGOUR to the MIND.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A SLANDERED FAIR-ONE.

[If the voice of soothing poetry can charm away the canker of the heart, she, who has been unjustly slandered, may find relief in the following.]

Why should you, lov'd Sensible, should you be pale,
The portrait of grief you appear;
You look like yon lilly, that droops in the vale,
With my lips let me dry up that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,
Let patience to clamour submit;
It is better that Slander should say you were wrong,
Than that you the wrong should commit.

The atheist, if really such madmen exist,
Belief will delirious decry,
In infidel doubtings pretend to persist,
What they cannot conceive, they deny

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,
Like atheists all goodness they doubt,
Insist that all rakes may o'er beauty prevail,
Because *themselves* could not hold out.

You must pardon the cry, think not strange what I say,
They mercy from you must receive,
Be it known to your tenderness, 'tis the world's way,
Who injure, will never forgive.

Smile, smile, and smile on, let day beam on your face,
To oblivion be obloquy hurl'd;
By the best you're belov'd, thou fair figure of Grace,
So laugh at the rest of the world.

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